

## BULLS DESERT THE MARKET.

## NO RESISTANCE OFFERED TO THE ATTACKS OF THE BEARS.

A state, flat and unprofitable morning—Northern Pacific Hammered Down—A Favorable Bank Statement—Reading's Office Reported Plentiful—Railroad Building in the Southwest—Gold Plenty.

On the street to-day, when brokers fled out of the Stock Exchange at noon to indulge in the idleness enforced by the Saturday Half-Holiday law, the expressions were almost unanimous that the morning had been a state, flat and unprofitable one to all concerned. The total sales from 10 until 12 o'clock were only 100,000 shares, and business, save in a very few instances, was of a hand-to-mouth character.

For some reason or other the bulls withdrew their support, or at least offered no resistance to the attacks made upon the market. Whether they have realized profits and intend to assume no further responsibility or whether they have been encouraging the making of a fresh short interest will be developed by next week's operations.

The Northern Pacific were under their banner. Gamewell talked bearish upon them yesterday, and later on the day, when the friends of the company do not seem anxious to come to their support. The preferred stock tumbled two points this morning, much to the discomfort of the short-horned bulls. O. T. was also driven down a point and a half and Oregon Navigation broke nearly 3 per cent. on sales of a few hundred shares.

Observing the decline in the stock market, a rally on the favorable bank statement, but it did not hold, on account of the persistent pounding of the Northern Pacific already mentioned.

Reading holds well around 61, and it is given out that the company's officers are so pleased that it is lending \$1,000,000 in Philadelphia, and besides has \$1,250,000 in notes, to say nothing of \$2,000,000 held by the trustees. It was also said that the urgent demand for coal will compel the road to devote nearly all of Sunday to this branch of its traffic.

The Gould stocks were pretty well held, and the bulls say "the little man" will be heard from again next week. If he isn't the bears are liable to have a walk-over.

An official of the Atchafalaya, Tulepeka & Santa Fe Company, weary of hearing all the bear talk about over-building in the Southwest, thus delivers himself. Our old road, 10,000 miles, was built with 7 per cent. bonds at 100 and the way. Our new road, 10,000 miles, was built with 5 per cent. bonds.

One should take the map and study the country which our system drains. The country is growing and will be in the streets of Boston.

The precious metal keeps flowing this way, and to-day the streamer has brought some thing over a million dollars in gold and silver. This is alluring up the New York banks with such an abundance of loanable capital that there is more competition to lend than to borrow. When the banks add \$2,100,000 to their surplus reserve which is now up to the respectable total of \$9,888,300, neither mercantile nor speculative borrowers ought to have any difficulty in getting all the accommodations they want under such circumstances.

The following are the bank figures:

	Assets	Liabilities	Capital	Reserve
Loans	\$251,000,000	Dec.	1,000,000	1,000,000
Specie	10,000,000	Jan.	1,000,000	1,000,000
Legal tenders	10,000,000	Feb.	1,000,000	1,000,000
Gold	10,000,000	Mar.	1,000,000	1,000,000
Currency	10,000,000	Apr.	1,000,000	1,000,000
Other	10,000,000	May	1,000,000	1,000,000
Total	291,000,000	June	1,000,000	1,000,000

## TIPS FROM THE EVENING WORLD'S TICKET.

The Bateman faction to-day point to New England stock as a bull tip for the near future.

Bull talk on Western Union is rampant. A gain of 15 points within the next six days is freely promised.

Reading, which the bears have all along threatened to demolish, has come out of its recent rattle better than any other stock on the list.

The Sub Treasury has poured a steady current of money into the banks this week, while the outlook to interior points has been brilliant.

Absence of orders from London is a feature of to-day's market. It is claimed to be the result of cable disturbances due to yesterday's cyclone.

It is even out "on loan" to-day that Mr. Stickney's stockyard scheme has nothing whatever to do with the rate war among the Granger roads.

It is reported that Jay Gould has at last secured control of the Central Missouri Railroad, and is announced that work on the road has been suspended.

The Bear leaders were in consultation again last night, and as a result some lively raid tactics are anticipated by the street for the next week's market.

It is authoritatively stated that only about one broker in every ten is making office expenses. The reason for it is obvious. What has become of the speculative public?

Mr. Lagre says that there is a prospect of a lively contest at the coming election of the New England road, and he thinks the strength of the stock might be due to purchases by various parties in the field.

It is announced on the street to-day that the Pennsylvania portion of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia Railroad has been reorganized under the name of the Western New York & Pennsylvania Company.

The gross earnings of 114 roads from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30 show an increase of 13 per cent. over last year, 91 per cent. over 1885 and 18 per cent. over 1886, while for the month of September the gain is 12 per cent. over 1886—a bull argument prominent to-day.

Yesterday's reported co-operation of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern in the Oregon lands matter, for lack of contribution is beginning to be discredited on the street.

## HIS DEATH DUE TO EXPOSURE.

Patrick A. Flood's Strange Behavior at Foxwood Explained.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
PLATTSBURGH, N. J., Oct. 22.—The body of Patrick A. Flood, who was found yesterday morning, perfectly nude and unconscious, in a clump of bushes near Guirrier's Hotel, Scotch Plains, and who died last night, was brought this morning to Stille's Morgue, Plainfield. It was badly scratched by the briars, but there was no evidence of any violence. County Physician Westcott, of Scotch Plains, who took charge of the man from the time that he was found at 7 o'clock yesterday morning until he expired, said that his death was caused by exposure. Flood was out in the cold rain all Thursday night and was chilled through and through.

James Flood, brother of the dead man, came out from New York last night. He said that he and his brother were in the Twenty-second Regiment Armory, New York, but that Patrick arrived about the armory. Patrick lived at 129 West Fourth-street, and he believed that his brother had come out to Foxwood while under the influence of liquor. Two drinks were enough to make him crazy drunk. The description of the man's actions before he took the bath at the station seems to indicate that he was drunk.

The queer story told by the hackman, Louis Charles, who drove Flood up to Stille's morgue, and how he had come into possession of the dead man's watch and pocket-knife has been corroborated by Mr. Reilly, in whose presence Flood gave the things to the hackman. Charles says that he and his brother were in the armory, but he did not stay long. Charles is a butler of eighteen, became afraid of the man, whom he believed to be crazy, and so left him.

Every one believes now that Flood was crazed by drink, and while in this state came to Foxwood and asked for help. Only one man knew there, but whom he had not seen for six years. Really did not recognize him. Flood was a fine-looking fellow, well built, about twenty-five years of age. His body will be taken to New York this afternoon.

## RIVAL LOVERS IN THE RING.

From Behind a Tombstone Lizzie Benton Sees Her Sister's Fight.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

BOSTON, Oct. 22.—She is a prepossessing young lady, and resides at North Cambridge, near the Arlington line. She has two suitors, both members of a local fire-engine company. Two months ago they had a bitter wordy discussion over her that nearly resulted in blows. A couple of weeks later they met again and a game of fisticuffs was indulged in without definite result or satisfaction to the lady in question, Lizzie Benton.

A meeting of the men with bare fists was arranged to take place last night. Miss Benton heard of it and was one of the first to arrive at the pugilists' trying-place back of a church that adjoins a burying-ground in Arlington.

Recoiled behind a tombstone in the graveyard she first saw upon Robert Cody, a tall, slender man, for her smiles and favors. He was accompanied by his friend, O. Nolan. Close behind them came Cody's opponent, James Savage, with Jack Lynch for a best man, and a crowd of spectators.

Both men stripped to the waist and without delay commenced the fight. The first blow was a heavy one, and the second was a knockout. Cody was down, and the fight was over.

The fight was a very close one, and the result was a surprise to many. Cody was a very good fighter, and Savage was a very bad one. The fight was a very interesting one, and the result was a surprise to many.

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## JOHNNY BARRETT'S WAKE.

MOURED FOR THE LAD WHO WAS KILLED IN HIS SISTER'S DEFENSE.

The Father and Mother Prostrated by Their Loss—Sympathizing Friends Through the Rooms to De Mott to the War's Memory—Mary Barrett's Grief for Her Protector—The Murderer in the Tomb.

JOHNNY BARRETT, the sixteen-year-old son of Policeman Thomas Barrett, who died yesterday from a pistol wound through the lung, got in the manly defense of his sister against the assault of two Italians last Sunday night, lies in the parlor of the house of his parents, on an upper floor of the four-story tenement-house at 32 Madison-street. He died in Chambers Street Hospital yesterday morning and his remains were removed to the home of which he had been the pride and hope yesterday afternoon.

Last night Johnny was "waked," and the cramped quarters of the sorrowful family were thronged with sympathizing friends. Johnny was a great favorite among the boys of the neighborhood, and many of them came to pay their last respects to him, in a pall of gloom and a rain of tears. The remains lay in a pall-covered casket in the parlor surrounded by the family. Thomas Barrett, the father, was completely broken down, and the mother was also prostrated with grief. At midnight the casket of the father, who has been seven years a policeman, came to the house and extended their condolence and sympathy to him.

Mary Barrett, the sister in whose immediate defense the mainly lad was engaged, was a young girl of eighteen, and her grief was so great that she was constantly on the body of her brother and defender, now kneeling with her arms on the carpet, allowing her head to be gripped by the stillness. Her grief was so great that she was constantly on the body of her brother and defender, now kneeling with her arms on the carpet, allowing her head to be gripped by the stillness.

The face that is seen through the paneled glass in the casket is that of one in peaceful repose. It is of a lad just passing into manhood. There is the first signs of a moustache on the lip, and the lines of the face indicate a kindly disposition.

Johnny Barrett was not robust, but when he heard the cry of his sister last Sunday night as they crossed Park row from Baxter to Concord street, and turning on the curb saw her staggering from the blow of one of two Italians, he ran fiercely to her defense. He had grappled with him who seemed to be her assailant, and finally kicked her in the stomach; the man with whom Johnny Barrett was struggling was Longobardi, the companion of the assailant, drew a pistol and fired. Johnny threw up his hands, and there were extra cartridges for his pocket. He says he is eighteen years old, but he is probably thirty. He declares that he knows nothing about what happened Sunday night. He lived at 32 Chertsey street, which is a lane where a myriad of Italian peanut-vendors, laborers, bootblacks and fruit-sellers are hived. He says his companion, who was the man who first accosted pretty Mary Barrett, then pushed and finally kicked her in the stomach; the man with whom Johnny Barrett was struggling was Longobardi, the companion of the assailant, drew a pistol and fired. Johnny threw up his hands, and there were extra cartridges for his pocket. He says he is eighteen years old, but he is probably thirty. He declares that he knows nothing about what happened Sunday night. He lived at 32 Chertsey street, which is a lane where a myriad of Italian peanut-vendors, laborers, bootblacks and fruit-sellers are hived. He says his companion, who was the man who first accosted pretty Mary Barrett, then pushed and finally kicked her in the stomach; the man with whom Johnny Barrett was struggling was Longobardi, the companion of the assailant, drew a pistol and fired. Johnny threw up his hands, and there were extra cartridges for his pocket. He says he is eighteen years old, but he is probably thirty. 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